

The Team Cambridge Newsletter – 2011

"See you all next year. Same time, same place.....same weather?" – Andy Hamster, D2D 2011

Boom Time in Bury!

Tour of Britain comes to Bury St Edmunds: Lars Boom contemplates his first UK win.



Cav shows he's totally focused, unlike our cameraman -> (Come back, Papa-rat-see, we'll pay cash!)



Surprisingly, hair-care firms were not keen to sponsor the Tour of Britain...



<- Team Tallack counts the minutes until they can go to Starbucks...



"The Goodies" meets "Hole in the Wall" a TV producer's dream! ->

Stage 7 of the Tour of Britain showed the bemused shoppers of Bury St Edmunds a great spectacle on a fine but windy Saturday morning, as the caravan rolled into town and several hundred cycling fans packed Angel Hill and all the coffee shops for miles around.

Unlike last year's weekday skive, I took the family to see the grand depart - on a Saturday morning it took quite a bit of explaining that if we arrived after the start time there won't be much to look at! Nonetheless I managed to get a few long-range snaps over the heads of the crowd and the commentator's valiant attempts to explain the proceedings to passers-by.

Simon reported a major success in bagging Thor Hushovd's autograph on his Etape number plate, courtesy of son Jake being thrust through the crowd. Meanwhile, we were able to get home after making good on the promise of cakes and frappachinos and watch the stage on telly that evening.

The next and final day's racing in London, viewed on TV, was a belter, with the time trial in the morning and then in the afternoon a criterium on the same course - twice the racing for one lot of traffic management! I reckon this has to be worth the trip for 2012 if Olympic tickets aren't forthcoming?

Tarmac Terriers' Tribune – Race Results

<u>Event</u>	<u>Course</u>	<u>Date</u>
Team Cambridge Open 10	F16/10	16/10/11

We apologise for the lack of data in this issue. This is due to one or more of the following reasons:-

1. Alan's Raspberry is refusing to connect to TwitFace.
2. ITV4 refused to stump up the royalty fees for live coverage.
3. Your correspondent was elsewhere instead of doing his duty.

We confidently predict that normal service will be resumed and results will be published about the same time as Simon's account of the Etape du Tour (possibly).

Bikewatch

or the sad tale of the Champagne Chariot

by your editor, since PM has been locked in his shed brainstorming his latest off-road lighting gizmo...

The more observant reader will have noticed the new machine in CCT's stable, which is a rare event indeed. Fact is, this is not a purchase as such, since yours truly is about as likely to carry cash as the Queen (although for a rather more plausible reason).

The new steed is actually a warranty replacement for my much-loved Ridgeback Panorama, which after 12,000 miles of all types of riding developed a crack in the drive-side rear dropout.

As it happens, I was not doing anything particularly strenuous at the time, just riding out towards Sawston when I heard a crack and the back end of the bike felt squidgy - expecting it to be a broken spoke, I stopped and having seen all the spokes present and correct it took a while to find the cause. So, I took the bike back to Townsends, whence it came some five years previously, and they contacted Ridgeback.

Surprisingly, although the steel-frame would have been relatively simple to repair, the remedy was a complete new bike.

This felt strange, and I have to admit feeling pretty choked up at walking away from the bike I had saved for over a year to buy and which had done pretty much any thing you could expect a bike to do. For example, it is marketed as a full-on tourer in the mould of a Dawes Galaxy, but I've ridden it off-road, time-trialled it (slowly, to be fair), ridden charity rides and sportives, and commuted on it in all weathers. However, when the new machine arrived it didn't disappoint.

It's the same model but with the old drab green paintjob replaced with a deep metallic blue, the slightly flexy adjustable stem has gone and a proper one put on, and "normal" STI shifters instead of the rapid-rise ones that worked back to front. With all other things being equal, this feature took a bit of getting used to, and even after 500 miles I still shift the wrong way sometimes! The new saddle was slightly less awful than the old Ridgeback item, nevertheless my super-comfy Passport saddle went straight on.

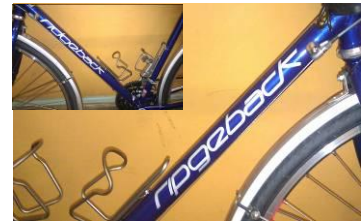
As before, the ride is stately and stable, with the heavy wheels making sprinting a remote fantasy, but the comfort and unflappable nature of its handling are well worth the weight when there's a howling crosswind and you just want to get home.

There are lots of bolt-on bits such as front pannier racks, three (count 'em) bottle cages and sundry other bits that can be removed to shed some of the 30lb weight, most of the time. I've only used front panniers once, and the bike actually handled surprisingly well with them on. For race days, you can even take the mudguards off, but that inevitably means it will pour with rain until you put them back on again! One final detail, after suffering my first puncture due to absent-mindedly riding over a flint that exploded under my rear tyre, was that the rear dropouts that had failed on the previous bike are now beefier and downward-facing, so extracting the wheel out of the mudguards is much easier.



It was actually Phil "Schleck the Third" Leonard that spotted the odd thing about this bike, and I confess I hadn't noticed it at all (see pic)!

I'm not sure quite how this would have come to pass, given that most decals would have had all the letters joined in one strip, but it's not a bad price to pay for a new machine!



Meanwhile, my race bike (formerly known as the Widowmaker on account of its "interesting" handling at speed, is being lined up for a makeover while I get a "new" set of vintage wheels built up to replace the Wolber rims. These finally gave up the unequal struggle of supporting a heavier rider than they were ever designed to cope with, on roads resembling a cart track with every under-funded attempt at maintenance that breeds more pot-holes.



More on this machine in a future edition of the Spokesman!

Mud Munchers' Monthly

Yes folks, it's that time of year again when certain sections of the membership regale each other with tale of how they destroyed their bikes in a handful of miles, while the expressions on Tony and Sue's faces become ever more bemused as to why anyone should ever venture off tarmac on purpose.

Yes, it's **Dusk 2 Dawn 2011**, and in many respects it was better than 2010:-

- We fielded three teams, each gaining top-half placings
- Plus one solo, if you count CCT's bro Mark
- It rained, but not as hard as last year
- Andy Hamster didn't try to fix anything
- Shelton doesn't talk in his sleep (which finally happened at 5am)

We're a bit short on photos, as (a) it was dark, and (b) no-one thought to take any. Nonetheless, a thousand words is worth one picture, so here we go...

Kaptain Kev has us all neatly arranged in three teams of three riders, starting with the obscurely named **Wendy House Mafia**, comprising Simon (the Badger) Bowden, Andy (Hamster) Hammond and Kaptain Kev himself. Hot favourites from the start, Kev has been secretly working up his fitness throughout the season, whilst Andy and Simon had plenty of miles in their legs from their rain-lashed exploits in L'Etape du Tour in July.

Next up, the **Flapjack Massif**, named after Simon (Crazylegs) Denney's fuel of choice combined with Paul Littlebike's emporium in Cambourne. The trio was complemented by our newest member, the irrepressible Shelton Pell (we tried to repress him, but it didn't work). Strangely enough, lots of people seemed to know Shelton, and it's not difficult to know where he is, even in pitch darkness...

Lastly, but in my humble opinion significantly better than expected, came the **Champagne Charlies**. Not much bubbly was in evidence due to the financial climate, but we could count on the technical ingenuity of Paul (Magneto) Millard bringing light where there was darkness, and arriving in style in a van called Derek was CCT's oppo Andy Chapman, veteran of many winter series but a newcomer to night-time racing. Your scribe made up the third, and for some reason had optimistically assumed that the weather would be different from the previous year, thus neglecting to pack the following essential items:- spare brake pads, a bucket, another gazebo, a waterproof tent, and more WD40. Who said racing was all about going fast?

In fact, when we arrived it looked as if fast would be the name of the game, as our mid-afternoon practice lap revealed a wide, open course with few pitfalls for the unwary and none of the claggy clay labyrinths that made the previous year such a battle. If the weather held, as for the previous six weeks' drought, it would be a rocket-fast lap and devil take the hindmost. However, the grey overcast gave way to drizzle just before the start and it settled in for the night, occasionally getting heavier and penetrating the fabric of the Team Cambridge HQ gazebo.

The two Andys took the start for their teams respectively, with Paul for his crew. Andy C began conservatively from near the back, but after his first lap in the dark pronounced night racing as "brilliant fun" and looked forward to the next session. This wasn't quite such fun however, as a broken chain forced a six mile walk to complete the lap, costing an hour of race time. This was quickly fixed with a joining link, but by this time the lap times were starting to extend as the rain softened the course and it started to cut up. It was never as tough as the previous year though, as the course had been carefully planned with some brand new sections and most areas resisting the erosion of 1000 pairs of knobbly tyres. Erosion was audibly making depredations on the machinery though, as the damp sand worked its way into chains and derailleurs, and the swishing scraping noise of brake pads being demolished was all around. My own pads went down to the metal in less than three miles, and from then on it was no rear brake and only partial front brake if I remembered to pump the lever before dropping (plummeting on one occasion) into the bomb holes. The results:-

<u>Team Cambridge - Wendy House Mafia - 9th place of 57 in class</u>	<u>Team Cambridge / The Flapjak Massif 17th place</u>	<u>Team Cambridge / The Champagne Charlies - 28th place</u>
11 laps, 12:31:02 @2 Laps	9 laps, 09:34:55 @ 4 Laps	9 laps, 12:00:59 @ 4 Laps
(1)AH 01:01:09,	(1)PL 01:01:58,	(1)AC 01:11:54,
(2)KP 00:52:44,	(2)SP 00:50:45,	(2)PM 00:56:44,
(3)SB 00:52:08,	(3)SD 00:52:00,	(3)CT 00:59:54,
(4)AH 01:01:04,	(4)PL 01:04:53,	(4)AC 02:07:28*,
(5)KP 01:03:27	(5)SP 01:07:51	(5)PM 01:09:50
(6)SB 01:03:04,	(6)SD 00:58:02,	(6)CT 01:14:28,
(7)AH 01:06:48,	(7)PL 01:15:21,	(7)AC 01:22:48,
(8)KP 01:25:03,	(8)SP 01:15:40,	(8)PM 01:29:32,
(9)SB 01:16:40,	(9)SD 01:08:25	(9)CT 01:28:21
(10)AH 01:23:38	(time for another lap, guys?)	* broken chain
(11)SB 01:25:17		

Unsurprisingly, Simon Denney's light weight and incredible fitness kept his lap times consistently low throughout the night, despite his having possibly the heaviest machine. However, the staying power of the **Wendy House Mafia** won the day, as by grinding out another couple of laps at the end of the event another eight places were won. Once again, even as the other competitors were gratefully hobbling towards the bacon butties and looking forward to a hot bath in the early light of the Sunday morning,

Simon the Badger was still out on the course, having just beaten the 8.00 am deadline to start his lap. As he staggered back from the finish, wheeling his sand-encrusted bike towards the small group of survivors, he looked absolutely shattered. When he was told that they'd achieved 9th place, one better than last year, his usual broad grin reasserted itself and he was well pleased with the night's work.

New Feature!

Louder than *The Quiet Man*TM, more persistent than an over-tired toddler; he's on a mission to redefine the English language, it's

"Hi Peeps,

Here's a linky if you go to the page click on latest events a simply put your race number in and hopefully your ugly mug will look straight back at you, kind of looking in the mirror. Ta Shelton"

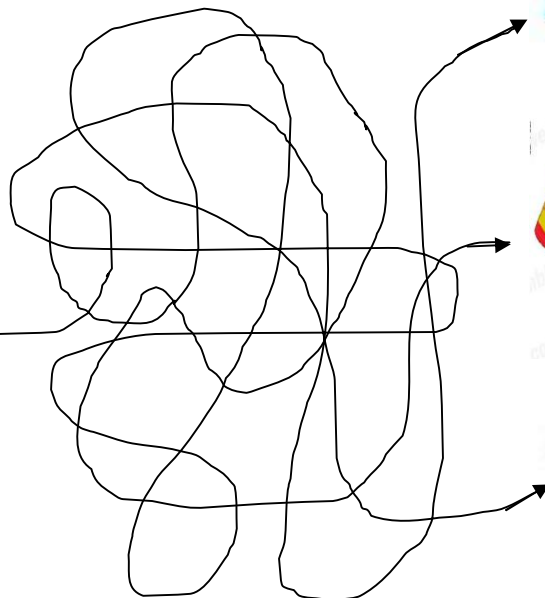
<http://gallery.sussexsportphotography.com/libraryhome.tlx>

(For the uninitiated, this translates broadly as something to do with mountain biking . Ed.)

Competition Time

Where's Cav?

(A few days too late for this gag, but never mind!)



In the next issue of The Spokesman...

- Simon and Andy report on the Etape 2011 (or 2012?)
- More tales from the Dusk 2 Dawn (probably)
- More Sheltonballs (if we can print them)
- The rebirth of the Widowmaker
- Possibly some other stuff



(Champagne) Charlie